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A JOURNAL
OF SUCCESS

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being passes into appearance and unity into variety."*

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PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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Editorial Paragraphs.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

March—and the robins are here, the snow hills of January have melted on the beach, and sunlit waves are purling softly over the brown sands.

The sturdy, strenuous winter has gone and the springtime is here, even in Canada, as elsewhere.

Yesterday I sat in a favorite nook on the banks of the Niagara river, which separates Canada from the United States, and I quietly laughed in my sleeve at the people who think me at the North Pole.

Sitting by the river I even heard the blow of a hammer on the American side at Youngstown (N.Y.) and the shouts of children at their play. I saw a white horse drawing a wagon and heard the rumble of the wheels, so what do you think now about Canada being so far away?

Farther north, no doubt the winters are long and severe, but at Niagara-on-the-Lake they are simply crisp and delightful, and the air is the finest I have ever known. It feeds one with ozone, and I have just invoiced a large shipment to Elizabeth Towne, who has a well-known proclivity for eating air.

Today the mercury has risen to 60 and yet the same invigorating quality permeates the air.

But who's afraid of cold anyway? Don't you know it is a sure sign of old age and weakness when you shrink from the cold and want summer all the year round? I watched a wild duck on the river the other day, and thought how vital it must be to enjoy, as it evidently did, its bath in the cold waters and its subsequent flight through the chill air.

Niagara-on-the-Lake is on a peninsula bounded on one side by the Niagara River and on the other by Lake Ontario. Sometimes my walks are along the river bank and at other times up the beach. Occasionally I strike out across country, past level farm lands, fine orchards, and through forests of pine.

Today I am sitting in the sand on the beach, with my eyes nearly down to water level, watching the broad smooth waves as they come sweeping in with unity of purpose until they break into a thousand ripples on the shore. Ripples that curl and frill in lines of foam and

then are lost to sight. What does it mean? I ask, for all things have their meaning.

Is it not that a human life is like the wave as it moves on with its unity of purpose passing into diversity of action, rippling into a thousand little wavelets, and then gathering itself together again into its original unity? Is not this very process going on again and again and over and over with us as we come forth like waves of life from the waters of Being?

And what lines of beauty those little curling wavelets make in the sand. Why may not our lines be beautiful? Full of play they are too. Why not so with us?

Sitting here and seeing thus I can but wonder how the multitudinous activities of my life could ever have turned upon me and held my soul at bay, for the wavelets do not so to the wave that sets them in motion.

I am the wave. I make these little frilling things on the shore. They are mine and I am not theirs. They shall not rise and overpower me.

They shall ripple over the sands until their force be spent, and then I will draw them quietly, peacefully back unto myself to build the force of my next endeavor.

I hear the sound of a rising inflection, as if the waves were asking—Why? Why? Why this ceaseless action?

And then I hear the calm undertone—All is well. All is well.

The waves flow in at my feet, but they are closer still to my spirit.

Friends, do you remember how our dear Prentice Mulford went into the swamps of New Jersey in the early spring to live the free and simple life? I have been thinking today of his experience there, and I am going to remind you of it.

He built himself a little twelve by twelve pine box to live in, and he laid the floor first, not because that was the best thing to do but because he was tired of following other people's advice, and wanted to be free to do just as he pleased. Nobody interfered and nobody objected, for nobody was there to see, and the structure went up. By and by, when the frost came out of the ground, the floor settled, and the roof and sides settled also in undulatory fashion, so that the whole became full of cracks and very shakily; but Prentice didn't care, for he had had his own fun in building without having any one about to stare at him, gape, and tell him he was doing things wrong. When the warm spring sunshine came the outer boards would squirm and split, and the knots fell out leaving holes large and small, but Prentice patched things up, and for a time all went well and he felt wonderfully free and happy.

The day came, however, when our dear Prentice found that the "cares of the world" had followed him and

invaded his house of refuge, and (in his own words) this is how they ran :

"Whether I shall have my leaky roof covered with tin or cover it myself with tarred paper or oil-cloth ; whether I shall put up some more shelves in a certain corner, for what purpose I don't exactly know ; whether I had better for next summer buy the \$7.50 handsome nickel-plated oil-stove, or a common tin one, or no oil-stove at all ; whether I shall buy a hoe or borrow one of my neighbor ; whether I shall plant corn or potatoes ; who will care for my chickens and pigeons when I go to Boston ; whether I shall have time at the barber's to get my hair cut before the train starts for town ; whether this spring I shall buy a seven or nine-dollar pair of pantaloons ; whether, after all, I had, or had not, better hold on to the old spring overcoat ; whether I shall buy a six-dollar umbrella, or make a sixty-five-cent one answer ; whether I shall have toast for breakfast, or egg and toast ; whether, in a thousand things of everyday thought, which I am indeed ashamed to tell any one else, I shall or shall not, or could or should not, or might or might not—all these thoughts, plans, speculations, wishes, anxieties, whims, notions, great and small, needless or necessary, often come in a crowd and mob my brain, within the space of half an hour, while I am trudging from the swamp to the station, while Deity is trying his best to amuse me by the splendors of a sunrise."

One day the mob made a furious onslaught upon poor Prentice, and this is the way it looked to him :

"There are forty things in this house of mine which 'want doing,' as we say.

"The teakettle leaks, and should be in the tinman's hands. The floor needs scrubbing. The invalid rocking-chair has a broken back. There are holes in the heels of sundry socks. A jar of preserves has soured on my hands and needs cleaning. Various shelves need dusting. A lath is off the hen-coop. My plans for a garden are gradually maturing and coming to the front. One of my hens wants to 'set.'

"There are two letters to write, and also some wood to cut, as well as water to bring, and some bread to order from the baker. Besides which I want of all things a rhubarb pie, and there's a broken window to be mended. There is no end to the wants; and I can plan more work for my hands in five minutes than I could do in a month. Besides, my lamp wants filling; and where has that knife gone to? And the wood hasn't come.

"Each of these wants represents an individual, with a demand for time, care and work. Collectively pressing upon me, they form a mob, and prevent me from doing anything. At times this whole mob rushes clamorously upon me, each yelling his demand, and insisting on being served first. I have endeavored to accommodate them, by serving them as fast as possible. This endeavor was a failure. I satisfied none, did nothing well, and did no justice to them or myself. I endeavored to mend the hen-coop, while my mind went back to the kitchen, where some corn bread was baking. Mind being off my hammer, that descended on a finger instead of a nail, tearing off skin and flesh. Then I smelt the corn bread burning. It was burning. Two things cannot occupy

the same place at the same time. Body in the hen-coop and mind in the kitchen mixes things up; and out of this maladjustment I got a bloody finger, a burned corn cake, an illy-repaired coop, a loss of serenity, and a consequent loss of strength.

"I tried to write a private letter. My mind strayed off on a broom lying on the floor. I rose to put it in its proper place, and kicked over a pot of paint. Another mixture of mind and matter ensued.

"The next day the same mob came clamoring about me. I then rose equal to the emergency. I said: 'This row must be stopped. I'll stop it first in my mind. Though chaos reign in the house, though everything wants doing, there shall be but one thing done at a time, by as much of this mind and body I carry about me as I control. Out with ye all! Begone! till I can make up my mind which of you is a must or not—a mere want or a pressing need—a thing which my comfort requires for the hour, or a thing which can be put off till tomorrow without damage.'

"The mob simmered down to a few individuals. Beyond cutting some wood, bringing some water, and two or three other 'chores,' there was nobody but could afford to wait. I attended to these 'musts' and then applied myself to the unnecessaries."

I have quoted thus at length from Prentice Mulford's "Swamp Angel" because I know every one of my readers has been mobbed in similar fashion, and well remember how the experience here given helped me at a time of sore need. These homely little details from a

real life story are to me very helpful, and I feel that they may also be to others. Especially as they ended in the quelling of the mob and its dispersal.

What Prentice Mulford did you can do, whether a busy housewife or a man of affairs.

Personal Influence.

As the light of a lamp passes in instantaneous vibration from atom to atom till the whole room is radiant, or the quivering circles from a pebble thrown into a lake stretch on from shore to shore, so the silent impulse of a single life thrills from heart to heart till the very edges of humanity are touched.

Everywhere around and about us run the invisible streams of vital life, more subtle than the electric spark, more mysterious than the energy that rolls the stars along their trackless way, streams that ceaselessly, whether we will or no, carry the impulse of our secret life, far and near, out into the throbbing tide of the great world's hopes and fears.

By every brave and cheerful effort we are reforming, uplifting, renewing, inspiring hearts and souls we never heard of, never knew, the whole world becoming stronger every bit of moral courage we create, sweeter for every kindly look we give, holier for every good deed we do.

—*The Christian Register.*

A Summer School at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Several years ago a movement was on foot to establish a summer school for advanced thought at this place, and those interested in its establishment asked me to join them. I at once came up here, looked the ground over, and was delighted with the site chosen, that of the Chautauqua grounds beautifully situated on a broad lake front, with a commodious hotel, cottages and other advantages to start with. Had I been one of the prime movers I should have pushed the plan to completion, but having simply promised my influence, and a shoulder to the wheel, I waited for the procession to start. It never moved, for the reason that some of those in advance shut out this one and that, through prejudice, until the procession dwindled down to almost nothing, and did not warrant a camping ground. Not finding any wheel adjacent to my shoulder, of course I did not push, and simply turned my force in another direction.

But the idea stayed with me, awaiting development, and the day is coming when it will materialize. We may not have the school this summer, but we can begin to think about it, and make preparations for one next summer. In that event I shall arrange to have two homes, one in Washington and one here. So much of my work is centered in Washington that I shall be obliged to spend my winters there, but every year, in the early spring, I shall come to this heavenly spot. Later in the season I shall appoint a date for my friends to meet me here to discuss our plans for the future.

How to Renew Your Youth.

LESSON TWO

The Forming of New Habit.

We all know that it is possible to form a new habit if we bring enough will force to bear upon it.

We all know also the power of an old habit to hold its own and to resist displacement in favor of the new, and yet, no matter how great its resistance, no habit is strong enough to rout a power greater than itself.

This earth on which we live has a habit of moving in a certain orbit. It has moved so for many a year, but let a body of sufficient force strike it and its habit would be broken. If it escaped entire destruction it would be thrown far out of its orbit by the shock. This would be a change of habit.

But the earth has another change of habit which is almost imperceptible, for while it seems to keep to its orbit it is always being drawn a little out of it and moving into new fields of space.

In the first instance the supposed change of habit would be a great shock, and it would involve probable destruction. In the second instance the actual change is merely that of direction, and is accomplished almost insensibly.

Now, can you not trace an analogy between this and the change of habit in the human system, the first instance corresponding to the sudden change, shock and consequent disintegration caused by death, and the second

instance corresponding to the gradual moving out of an old orbit into a new ?

We might push the analogy still farther, and say that if the earth never moved out of its original orbit, while other planets were obeying the law of change, it might get in the path of some larger body and be rudely pushed out of the way, so that by gradually swerving from its original course it may escape destruction, and the changing of habit may be its salvation.

Of course I do not advance it as a scientific fact that the earth escapes destruction by a continual change in direction, and yet on general principles I do not see why it should not be so. We know that the entire solar system is moving in space, and if the earth held to its primal orbit I think it would be knocked out in time.

But whether it would or not, I am certain that we shall be knocked out of our orbits with a shock unless we change them of our own accord, for, if you will observe it, there is everywhere apparent in Nature a determination to break up the fixed and old to make way for the plastic and the new. The growing, moving thing is Nature's highest product, and she grinds her rocks to powder that she may mould that growing, moving thing.

Of course, so far, the growing moving thing loses its power to grow and move when it reaches a certain point, whereupon Nature quietly sits down upon it and presses it into stone again, but no sooner has she done this than she starts in afresh to grind the stone to dust and make another growing, moving thing, a little higher than the last, and so I am sure she will go on until she has made something that declines to be turned again into stone.

I believe she has made that something now, and its

name is MAN. Or at least she has begun upon him, for he is by no means a finished product.

The product has reached a place, however, where it can take itself in hand and finish the work as it will.

Man possesses the power of self-willing, self-determination and self-action to the degree that he can change his habits of mind and body so as to escape the disintegration attending old age and death. That is, he can do this provided he be plastic enough to admit of the change without disrupting his entire structure.

You will remember that in the first lesson I quoted Prof. James of Harvard as saying that a material could escape disintegration altogether by the gradual yielding to a modifying cause.

This is a great truth, and it applies to the material in the body. Prof. James states that outward forces and inward tensions can, from hour to hour, turn a structure into something different from what it was, but only on the condition that the body be plastic enough to maintain its integrity, and be not disrupted when its structure yields. He also states that the change of structure here spoken of need not involve the outward shape; that it may be invisible and molecular, as when a bar of iron becomes magnetic, or India-rubber becomes friable.

Do you not see how perfectly this applies in every particular to a possible change in the human body, by which its structure shall be preserved rather than destroyed?

But there is a condition to be complied with, and that is—You must be plastic.

Well, what does that mean?

Not that you should return to a jellyfish state of

mind or body. You can still remain a vertebrate and yet be plastic.

If you hold fixed opinions which nothing can shake, as for instance concerning the very subject in hand, believing that because men have died in past ages death will overtake them in all time to come, and if you sneer at the very possibility of overcoming death, why then you are far from plastic. You are hard and set and fixed in your habit of thought, and because you are so in your thought you are so in your body, and your fixity of mind and body makes you a prey to the destroyer, because it is a law in Nature that all hard substance shall be broken into powder. It must return to dust to come up again in the living form.

But if you are open to all that is new, giving it your patient consideration, and weighing it for what it is worth, and not rejecting it until proved worthless, then you are plastic in mind and will ultimately become so in body.

That is, the general substance of your mind will be plastic and ready to shape itself into new form.

But if you hold a grudge or hatred of anything or anybody, then you have hard lumps of mind stuff here and there, though in the main you are plastic.

To be plastic through and through you must soften up the hard places, and be filled with love and kindness toward all men, with sympathy rather than criticism, with the charity that throws the mantle of forbearance over a multitude of shortcomings and offences.

When this is accomplished, or while it is being accomplished, there is more to be done. When the mind is plastic enough to admit the forming of new habit, then that work must begin.

It has been your habit to think of yourself as growing old, and it may be that you possess many signs of age. You must close your eyes to those signs, and make up your mind that you can start a new round in the automatic processes of your body by which they shall be made to move in quite another direction, so that instead of destroying tissue they shall build up with new, fresh material, keeping the repair fully adjusted to the waste.

Your conscious mind has control over the subconscious or automatic part of you which is generally known as involuntary activity. It has the control but it does not assume it, and the only way to the establishment of new habit is to assume conscious control and exercise it.

The circulation of the blood is supposed to be an involuntary activity, and yet one by practice can direct a flow of blood to any part of the body or withdraw it from any part. If your feet are cold you can will the blood to carry heat to them, or if you have a congestive headache you can draw the blood away from the head by will power. A little practice will convince you of that.

Not so readily can you gain control of the heart so as to quicken or retard its action at will, but there are many who have this control, and I believe it to be possible with all persons.

And it is equally possible to regulate every involuntary function, for they are involuntary only in the sense that they are capable of going on without constant willing or supervision, and I am positive that in the earlier, simpler forms of life they have been the direct outcome of will.

The act of walking becomes almost involuntary in the adult, and even much earlier. We may will to go

somewhere, but we do not will separately each step we take on the way, or if we do we are not conscious of it, and that makes it seem like an involuntary activity. I am certain the same is true of all other involuntary action, and that it can be taken up again by the mind and regulated as we would have it.

I shall assume that you have the plastic state of mind essential to the start in forming new habit, for I am sure if you had not you would not have followed my thought thus far, or given me your attention for a moment. You are sufficiently open to the reception of new ideas to hope that it may be possible to prolong life far beyond its present limit, even if the thought of conquering death is still beyond you. In other words, you do believe a little in the renewing of youth.

Being thus plastic you are good material for the formation of new habit, and whether or not you believe what I say about controlling the forces in your body which are age-producing, just try the experiment which I advise, and note the result.

To begin with: Call to mind the fact that all the atoms in your body are intelligent (even our practical Thomas Edison admits that), and being intelligent they will understand what you wish them to do. I know you will question their being able to understand, but they have something which serves them very well in the absence of brains, and facts go to prove their intelligence; so, as I said before, they know what you wish them to do, for if you say to the blood "Go to a certain place in my body" it will go, and when you tell it to come away it will come, showing it to be not only an intelligent servant but a willing one as well.

Therefore it follows that, with such willing and intelligent servants, you have only to command and the thing is done.

You should say to your life current "Stop this tearing down and carrying out process, and begin to build up my tissues to the pattern of youth. I do not have to grow old. I will not grow old, and I now command all the activities in my body to work for the renewing of youth in both mind and body. At this very moment I command the life current to turn in its course and move no longer toward old age."

Turn, turn, turn, O life current, and flow joyously in the direction of youth.

To be continued

"Lord of all rough winds that blow,
I am March, and ere I go
I will sing you loud and low."

Unspoken.

He never knew he loved her so
Until her woman's heart was still ;
But she who slumbers on the hill—
When will she know ?

—*Douglas Malloch.*

The man who believes in a thing only when he sees it
probably never fell over a rocking-chair in the dark.

—*The Washington Capital.*

Talent Developed in Age.

The youth of the spirit and the youth of the body part company unfortunately just as the former attains its best development, and is most fitted to appreciate intelligently whatever the world offers in the way of true enjoyment. A healthy mind in a healthy body never grows old, and unless suffering from some of the ills that flesh is heir to a man or woman is quite as able to enjoy life at sixty as at twenty-five, says the New York *Tribune*. Young people seldom realize this—because mamma's time is always occupied with worries that as long as she is able she keeps from depressing their bright spirits. With house-keeping cares that, although seemingly not so enormous, become so by reason of the daily attention and time that they require, and with her never ceasing projects for their entertainment and well being, they fancy that she no longer cares for the pleasures and pursuits that used to absorb her when she was younger. The fact of the matter is that it is only the unselfish mother love that causes her to relinquish what she is more than ever capable of appreciating and enjoying. With pater-familias it is the same thing. He has assumed responsibilities, and spends his days in hard work, not from choice, but from necessity, and it is absurd for those for whom he toils to imagine that he has lost his taste for the cakes and ale of existence because he has apparently become a mere money grabbing machine.

It not infrequently happens, when families grow up and desert the home nest, that latent talent in the hard worked

mother of the family develops surprisingly, and many a clever woman has only then found opportunity to devote herself to pursuits that she might have excelled in if she had had the time to cultivate them earlier in life.

Several instances might be cited of grandmothers who took up the pen only when the marriage of their children enabled them to lay down the needle, and became successful authoresses. And even grayhaired art students have often developed into artists of no mean ability.

"I went to call on old Mrs. B. the other day," said one of her acquaintances, "and she excused herself, sending word by the servant that she was taking her German lesson. I expect after she has finished her education she will become a debutante ; she seems to get younger and younger every year !"

—*Washington Post.*

" March is piping spring's sweet praises,
Night by night the young moon fills ;
Soon the golden-headed daisies
Will be over all the hills."



Answers to Correspondents

Question—Will you please define your position toward Occultism, and say whether you think its pursuit helpful or harmful?

Answer—My position is that of a looker on. I stand outside the field of operation and watch developments. I would familiarize myself with its research just as I would with that of chemistry, biology, or any line of study calculated to throw light on the nature and possibilities of man.

I sincerely believe that we are indebted to Occultism for the entire New Thought wave, for it has given us an inner view of that great and ever to be expressed Self around which all the New Thought teachings cluster, and on which they depend for their life and sustenance.

While poets have dreamed and philosophers reasoned about such a Self, infinite in its possibilities of attainment, it has taken Occultism to give us tangible proof of the same.

I respect Occult teachings, but I stand aloof from their practice, perhaps for the same reason that I prefer accepting a chemist's deductions to spending hours in his laboratory.

Some of the wonderful wisdom of the far East appeals to me as literally true, and yet I am not inclined to its practical observance, for example, the practice of Yoga.

I cannot tell whether others would find it helpful or harmful, but for myself I feel that it would draw me out of poise. Observation has shown me that practical

Occultists are liable to have weak, nervous, over-sensitive bodies, and I have yet to meet one with an average amount of health. Remember I am speaking of the practical ones, and not of those who merely study the teachings.

The wholesome and natural course for me to pursue is to learn the law of growth and to apply it as fast as learned, day by day and moment by moment, but when it comes to forcing a growth I draw the limit, for it is liable to drag one out of poise. I have taken my stand in consciousness at the place where "Being passes into Appearance and Unity into Variety," and there I shall remain until I know "the Secret of the World."

Question—I would so like to know your opinion of "Soul Mates," and do not remember seeing it expressed in The Radiant Centre. If you have given it would you object to giving it once more?

Answer—I have written briefly on the subject several times, doubtless before you became a subscriber.

I certainly believe, and who does not? that certain souls are fitted to supplement and make complete each other, but I do not believe in exact rules by which we can define who are or who are not so mated. I think it often happens that a married woman has her true mate in her husband and yet that she is held by some illusion from seeing the truth. Or, on the other hand, a husband who has the one woman of all the women in the world for him may not discover the fact until after many a foolish hunt for an affinity.

Precious gems look ill in the rough, and often it takes

a deal of polishing to show up their true value. This polishing is the result of friction, and the most friction may result in the brightest jewel. Moral—Don't judge your gems in the rough unless you are a connoisseur.

Keep fairly to your orbit while the law that governs the entire solar system sees to it that the Jacks all find their Jills.

Why Women Now Look Younger.

A question which might elicit considerable interesting discussion is: Why are the typical modern women twenty and even thirty years younger in manners, dress and appearance than were their grandmothers at the same age? One might reply, says Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in the March *Cosmopolitan*, very pertinently that, in the first place, they have decided not to grow old; and, believe me it is largely a question of will. Having made this decision, they seek the means which shall enable them to retain their youthful appearance. They understand that beauty and ill-health are not congenial companions; consequently the women of today live much in the open air, loving the sun and the breeze far more than the easy chair and the open fire.

—*Washington Post, March 8, 1903.*

Special Notices

We will here give once more our addition to Formula for Success Centre.

Part Four—Having learned that I am one with God, the Infinite and Eternal Energy, and having also learned to look for a radiating centre of that Energy within my own spiritual being, I now declare that I will radiate power even to the ends of the earth, if need be, to bring to me *my own*, by which I mean that which is related to me, that which will help me to express my higher self, and in consequence give me the greatest happiness and enable me to do the most good in the world. With all the concentration of my being I now call to me *my own*, and *it shall come to me*.

Address your letters to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada, but have Money Orders made out to Niagara, Ontario, Canada. This town is called Niagara-on-the-Lake, but is not so registered in the Postal Order Directory. There it stands simply as Niagara.

The postage is not five cents. A two-cent American stamp will bring a letter here from the United States unless it weighs over an ounce. A fraction over that weight calls for four cents postage.

This will be our address until June first, when we return to Washington.

Our delightful friend, Mrs. May Day, has opened "The Rex" at Colorado Springs, Colo., and we hope those of our readers who contemplate a tour in that direction will make it a point to stop at "The Rex." It is thoroughly up to date, rates reasonable, location central. Address Mrs. May Day, "The Rex," 118 South Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs., Colo.

We handle no books except our own. Send to William Towne of Holyoke, Mass., for other books and be well served.

Join our Success Centre, and see your success grow.

Lived in Three Centuries.

Montgomery, Ala., March 7.—Mrs. Myrsella Keith to-day celebrated her 116th birthday with religious services at her home.

Mrs. Keith was born in South Carolina, but has been living in Alabama since a child. She has lived in three centuries, and has vivid recollections of incidents before the war of 1812. Though in ill health for six years, her faculties are not in the least impaired. She is the mother of thirteen children.

—*Washington Post*, March 8, 1903

The Advantages of Being Fifty.

Today the most influential factors in social life are the women of fifty and over. They are not always the leaders of the great world who are most in evidence; but it is their feats which count. They give the *catchet*, the final fillip, to any entertainment.

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—"Woman of Fifty," in *March Cosmopolitan*.

What a debt we owe to Adam that his easy job he lost
Of just sitting 'round in Eden without counting care or
cost;

For that man is only half a man who likes to loaf and
shirk—

And it keeps the race in health and wealth to buckle
down to work.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

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